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GENERAL MISCELLANY.

To a Cloud.

'The tempest brooding in the upper air,
O'erspreads the sky—his wing is on the seas,
And the dark billows, gathering up in rage,
Roll on in mountains. Muttering comes the storm,
With music of far distant thunder, wrought
To a mysterious voicing.'

At midnight I view thee,
With joy and with dread,
As the moon, bursting through thee,
Sheds light o'er my head ;
In vain wouldst thou cover
The earth with thy gloom ;
She has lit thee, all over,
With splendor and bloom.

Far away in the distance,
Thou fly'st from her glow ;
Nor holdest resistance,
To such a high foe :
Yet, proudly defying
Her power and light,
Far onward thou'rt flying
In blackness and night !

There's a glance on thy mantle
Of silvery white ;
And thy broad wings expanded,
Are wav'ringly bright :
Thy foe is upon thee,
Thy darkness is gone ;
Her pale smile has won thee,
And thou art her own.

Away, farther rushing,
To chaos and night,
Thy black pinions darting
Before her rich light—
Mine eye scarcely views thee,
As on the blue sea,
Thy foe still pursues thee,
And thou dost still flee.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I

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And where is the triumph
That spoke in thine eye?
And where are thy squadrons,
That darkened the sky?
And o'er the broad heav'n,
Where now is thy sway?
To thy native haunts driven,
Away, and away !
On the earth thou reposeseth,
In shadowy pride,
And the green ocean closeth
Thy form in its tide :
And the earth and the ocean,
That yield thee a home—
That earth's in commotion,
That wave is in foam.
Dark war art thou waging
With nature and rest ;
And the sea sendest raging,
On its wreck-seeking quest :
The water-spout throws his
Dark arms o'er the sea,
And the whirlwind arouses
His anthem to thee !
And now is thy triumph :
The earth, sea and sky,
Are all buried darkly
In thy cloud-canopy.
Thou standest all lonely
In imperial pride,
And no pow'r, save thine only,
Can the elements guide.
But o'er the commotion
Still glows a pure beam,
And, in the far ocean,
Still flows a calm stream.
Thought nought may remove thee,
Dark cloud, from thy home,
That moon shines above thee,
Through tempest and foam.

G.

The Fisherman—A Fact.

There are few men indeed, who do not at times look forward sanguinely to some friendly interposition of Fortune for a sudden and mighty windfall of wealth, by which the slow process of laboring for it through a course of years may be avoided. Such men are always flattered by some airy nothing or other, into the belief that they are Fortune's special favorites. They depend on the slightest casualties for hopes, and the sternest assurances of truth and reason, (so highly are they wrought upon by their ductile fancies,) are seldom altogether sufficient to awaken them from their dreams.—They never reflect that while they all have the same expectations, these expectations are so lavish and excessive, that but very few of them, if any, can be satisfied, and so they proceed according to the dictates of their several imaginations, to procure them. One man pursues for days the bed of some narrow rivulet, where a grain of gold has been found. He dreams at night of the discoveries of the ensuing day: his head is filled with mines, veins of pure ore, shafts, diggers and miners: his life appears a walking dream, attended by all the phantasmagoria of fortune. He has recourse to the turning of the witch-elm—goes astray from his family at night, with his divining rod, and from the multiplicity of his anticipated discoveries, gathers up some encouragement for a few weeks more of labor, to be defeated at last. In the meanwhile, if he be a farmer or planter, the gradual, but certain support arising from a good crop, has been sacrificed by the weakness of his understanding, in his visionary pursuits, and himself and family exposed to beggary and indigence. It is more than probable, too, that the final overthrow of his hopes produces melancholia, and he either becomes a drunkard or commits suicide. With the same, or a very similar fate, is he attended who dreams of sudden fortune by the *lottery ticket*. The merest trifles lead and encourage. If he dreams of a number he buys it the next day—if it proves a blank, he charges some mistake upon his memory, and is satisfied that his fortune intended the very best by him, if his cursed memory had not made him choose a different number. An accidental multiplication of figures, or the appearance, in one or two instances, of a collection of the same numerals, creates

the idea of a singular coincidence, which does not occur for nothing. He must have a ticket with the identical numbers. None of these visionaries are ever so hardy as to believe that they will not, some time or other, make a fortune by one or other of these means.

Another mode offers itself to the American dreamer, which is not to be had by the present generation in any other country: the large masses of treasure—plate and jewels—concealed during the troubles of the Revolution by those who have been kind enough to allow themselves to be slain, without making any disclosure of the deposite; as well as the immense wealth affirmed to have been hidden by the Buccaneers who frequented our coast, and made it the hiding-place for their ill-gotten treasure,—an additional prospect to such as may have lent themselves to the hope of gaining wealth in lump, without sparing their lives in the humiliating and laborious toil of acquiring it by slow and imperceptible degrees. Wealth, like the dew which falls nightly and noiselessly upon the plants, is seldom seen, except from its effects—the improvement of the plant itself indicates the influence of the silent blessing. A storm would destroy the flower: as sudden and unexpected wealth often overthrows the reason—more frequently the affections and good feelings of men.

I once heard a story related of a poor man, who was affected with many of these dreams of good fortune. He was a tall boy in the Revolution, and born under auspices rather friendly than otherwise: that is to say, he had parents who were in such good circumstances, that they could not think of their dear Tommy becoming either mechanic or tradesman; if he pursued any occupation, it must be some honorable profession; but their innate determination was to make him a gentleman. But how was this to be done? Why, nothing could be *done* towards such an object. The process by which so delightful an end was to be brought about, was to leave *undone* many things which, if he had been made a decent laborer or mechanic, should have been done. He was, in fact, to do nothing: all education was denied him, because, as the sage father gravely said, 'If he (Tommy) be the great genius that I believe him to be, education will be of no use to him; he will be utterly independent of it: if he be a

dunce, he does not deserve education; it would only be thrown away upon him.' Left, therefore, to his natural parts, they were very soon decided and developed. Master Tommy very soon bade papa and mamma defiance, ridiculed their authority, transgressed their commands, and did precisely what he ought not to have done, but just what his education had fitted him to do. This conduct, it is true, sometimes worried the good and sagacious parents no little, but then it indicated the spirit and forwardness of the boy—and then there was something so manly in it!—This, however, could not last long. Papa and mamma died at last, as all good papa's and mamma's are in duty bound to do, and Tommy was left with a few negroes and a small planting interest, which he knew not how to manage, and did not, in fact, care to learn. His parents had always supplied his demands and their own from the plantation, and he could conceive of no reason why it should not be perfectly adequate to his necessities now. About this time, the revolution took place, and after two years' escape, South Carolina was inundated. Tommy, the gentleman, had got on by mere good luck, (for he bestowed not the slightest care upon his interests, leaving them all to his driver,) and had not dissipated as much as might have been expected of his patrimony. He had, however, made a commencement in habits entirely brought about by idleness. He took his *gin slings* every half hour in the day; his *phlegm-cutter* and *anti-fogmatic* before breakfast, and his *toddy* at bed time. These were the *special* drinks. Independent of these, he had his irregulars, or occasionals, which might be calculated on at the *entree* of a neighbor, his departure, and every five or ten minutes during his stay. The little crops which had been previously made now failed him entirely, and he drew from the bank the little cash which a sometimes considerate parent had put up, as he did his umbrella, for a rainy day. This soon went—his negroes began to grow insubordinate, and on the appearance of the British army in the low country of South Carolina, Tommy, the gentleman, was surprised to perceive one morning early, the whole of his field negroes, with his driver at their head, dressed in British uniforms, and going through the manual. His meditations upon this subject were soon broken in upon, as he beheld them bending their way to the

mansion, deeming, no doubt, that the death of a gentleman would do no discredit to their first enterprise. But Tommy thought quite otherwise, and without stopping to have his coat brushed, he made his escape into the adjoining woods, and bent his way to town. He did not run fast enough, however, to avoid seeing his paternal mansion in flames; and with but a small lot of land and dwelling in the city, Tommy was for the first time struck with the difficulty, as well as the necessity, of getting his dinner. It even troubled him to ascertain how, with the little property he had left, he should be able to make out at all. These afflictions served for the first time in his life to occupy his mind with serious reflection.—He reached town in a very bad humor; sought his town house, got something to eat, and more to drink, and was immediately restored to good humor and his own esteem. Peace was at length restored, and Tommy's patrimony almost gone. He had been dreaming for some time how he should be able to procure money enough to answer his demands. He had (a particular of which we had forgotten to advise the reader,) taken a wife towards the close of the war, as he did every thing else, without any reflection; had a fine child, without any consideration, and was utterly ignorant of the means by which their support could be obtained. In vain had he dreamed of fortunate chances, luck and so forth: he had failed at all of them, and now wanted bread for his family. One night, as he lay in his bed, cogitating upon the many hopes that afflict the unfortunate, he beheld a grave and dignified figure arise slowly before him, seemingly from the earth. She had a stern, but beautiful expression of countenance. In one hand she bore an oaken branch, covered with leaves—in the other a cup of the lotus. A broad sheet of water, crowned with a star, seemed to encircle her forehead, and her right foot appeared to rest upon a rock. By this, Tommy knew that he was in the presence of nature, the great mother of men. This good lady, after announcing herself with all due decorum, to the awe-struck and wondering destitute, and giving him a long harangue, in the form of a lecture, a trial to which Tommy's own papa and mamma had never gone so far as to subject him, and who now bore it with a very ill and scarcely patient grace, concluded with

presenting him with a large and new fishing line, having three decent fish-hooks, properly baited, and all ready for use. This having done, she retired as she came, without taking leave, or seeming to care for it. Tommy was struck, as well he might be, at such a visit, and for along time, altho' well disposed to confide in its reality, he could not altogether hesitate in believing it a dream—a belief that was entirely discarded in the morning, when, upon leaving his room, the first object he laid his eyes upon, was the identical fishing line which had been given him in the night. It lay upon a high shelf in the library, and had probably been in the service of some old proprietor of the house. Tommy made, however, inquiries as to the *where* and *how* of its origination; but taking the advice in good part, breakfast over, he went off, properly armed and accoutred, upon his new employment. A small fishing-boat was soon procured, and in company with a negro fellow, named Quash, he proceeded out as far as the old hulk of a Dutch logger, which had been sunk during the war, in order to arrest the advance of the British fleet upon the town.

Tradition is altogether silent as to the sport at angling which attended our hero upon the first days of his adventure. It is more than probable that for some time his inexperience in the 'divine art' stood greatly in the way of his success. But this did not greatly distress Tommy. It was not fish that he angled for; it was gold that he sought—large boxes of the precious metal, that by some overruling agency was to become attached to his hooks, and drawn securely by him into his own possession. What fish he caught he either threw aside, made bait with, gave to the negro, or returned to the water. He sometimes ate some of them, cooked by the negro, when hungry, but the idea never entered the brain of the dreamer to carry home his catchings. At last this conduct excited the surprise and observation of his negro companion. He could not conceive the motive which brought Mass Tommy out to catch fish, when he made no manner of use of them. His astonishment increased every day more and more—and from being unable rationally to determine upon the cause of this strange course of conduct, his imagination kindly stepped in, and relieved his mind of many doubts. He was now able to perceive it all. The case was suf-

ficiently clear—the whole mystery elucidated. Tommy was dealing with the devil—was probably the devil himself.—This conjecture threw the poor negro into a fit of despair. How should he atone for the association which for so long a time he had held with his dangerous companion. How escape the torments of the wrath to come! His feelings upon the subject of his apprehensions were still more increased and heightened by a sermon which, during the extremest of his sufferings, he heard from his class-leader. This homily was delivered in the most horribly applicable language.—It came directly upon his late connexion with 'Mass Tommy,' but the portion which most affected him ran thus: 'Ah, my poor breddren, yerry de word dat I speak, and gib 'tention. De cloben foot and de long tail is 'side you, dough you no see um. He ten by you night and day, wid a big fishing line in 'e hand, ready for hook your poor spirit, 'fore 'e tef your body. Gib 'tention: 'e hook is bait wid lies and deceptions. Da him dat tan by you on lan and on de water, and he make no bone ob taking you wher-ever you is,' &c. &c. &c.

Nothing could be more in point—no illustration more clear or satisfactory, and the mind of the wretched negro, though torn and distracted by his close connection with the great master of evil, was sufficiently cool to make one determination—not to go fishing again with the devil. It is true, he reasoned with himself, I have but little to do, and get well paid for doing little. The fish I sell, thought he, pays my wages, and gives me enough to eat; besides, I receive something every Saturday night in silver, which passes very well: nobody refuses to take it, and it feels heavy; but then it all comes from the devil. When, thought the distracted African, did good come out of evil: it was in vain to think it. If I get good by my labors to-day, ten chances to one but to-morrow I get a double portion of evil. Thus deliberating, his fears very soon got the better of his desires. The struggle was, however, maintained for a long time by his sense of the pecuniary interest which his body would necessarily sacrifice for the good of his soul. He thought long upon the money at Saturday night—the good fish which in saleable strings it was his work of an afternoon to hawk through King-street, to the

internal delight of good old landladies, who loved late suppers—he no longer perceived the salutation smile of his good spouse Dinah, on his entry into the kitchen with the unsold string, still floundering in his tray: he saw all these evils at a glance, and for a long time was in doubt whether such productive employment could be considered devilish; but the spiritual triumphed over the worldly man, and Quash left off fishing. Tommy, the gentleman, did not exactly know how to account for the defection of his attendant, and for a long time found it difficult to procure a proper substitute. This he did, however, and pursued, as before, his novel and ill-directed employment. The same surprise was excited by his occupation in the mind of his new assistant, which before surprised and terrified his countryman. Sambo (for that was the name of Tommy's new assistant,) was soon observed by the watchful Quash in the employ of his late master; and being acquainted, an opportunity was not long wanting, in order that a mutual communication and comparison of notes might be made. Selling his lot of fish one Saturday evening in market, the two Africans met, and after mutual civilities Quash began:

'Well, Sambo, you taking bizness, entry? All de harm I wish you, my boy, is dat you no come to wusser sport dan you hab now, my fren.'

'I tank you, brudder, de same to you. But what make you talk so 'bout Mass Tommy?'

'Me talk 'bout Mass Tom?' said Quash hastily, and turning as pale as the soot of his complexion would permit; God forbid! Me nebber talk 'bout em 'tall.'

'You seem scare, brudder; you must know someting; let's yearres what you hab for say, for ole time sake,' said Sambo in return, something alarmed by the evident fear and terror with which his companion appeared so suddenly assailed.

Quash. (with a significant gesture, pointing to his feet,) Buckra man no hab cow-heel.

Sambo. Dat true. Who da say 'e hab?

Quash. (pointing to his head) Buckra man no hab horn like goat.

Sambo. Well, who da say 'e hab?

Quash. (putting his hand familiarly and significantly on the shoulder of his companion,) Sambo, *Old Harry* hab horn an hoof.'

Sambo. You no say so?

Quash. I say so, for true. Take my word: look 'pon dis fish; you call 'em sheephead, a'nty?

Sambo. To be sure;—what him but sheephead?

Quash. Ah, Sambo, t'ant sheephead, t'ant ish; 'tis all cheat. Look at me, brudder. What make me leff Mass Tom, as you call 'em, you tink?

Sambo. 'Cause you choose to, I 'spose.

Quash. Berry true: tak my word, and choose youself.'

In much the same manner the dialogue continued, until Sambo was finally and completely satisfied that he had been working for no less a person than the devil, and came to be acted upon in much the same manner, and by a similar course of reflection, as influenced the determination of his quondam friend. To give up so lucrative a business as that which he at present pursued, was not the desire, however, of Sambo; and some further arguments were deemed necessary to his conversion. His interest being the principal obstacle in the way, it was only necessary that he should lose nothing by the change. Accordingly, a lucky chance led them both to express their regrets at being obliged to give up a pursuit so productive as that lately held;—and it came to be a question, why they should not unite their labors and fortunes in that profession which, in company with gentleman Tommy, they had both declined. They formed a co-partnership, and the next day saw them in a boat of their own, and steering along past that in which sat the astonished and wondering form of Tommy, the gentleman. To overhaul them, and ascertain the cause of their connection, by which he was like to suffer, was the first impulse of our hero.—Seeing his approach, the trembling Africans changed the direction of their skiff, and lusty sinews plied their way, without waiting to respond to the numerous halloos of their late master, to the city they had left; satisfied that the spiteful devil would no longer permit any laborers in the same vineyard, who did not join interests with himself.

This singular conduct perplexed and astonished our hero; but as he was not apt to let any thing occupy his attention over long, he dismissed it from his thoughts, and returned with redoubled diligence to his pursuit. He had now

less need than before of an attendant. He found out how to scull the little boat he used in his employment, and he had made some discoveries, which he thought better known only to himself. For several days his hook had become attached to a heavy something, which he always lost hold of by a variation of position. His hooks had sometimes been broken—at others bent and strained, and at other times had brought up splinters of wood. He provided himself, however, with some stronger and longer hooks, and at length perceived that they were strongly attached to something of considerable weight below. This, with some difficulty, he was enabled to draw from its secret abodes. It was a small square box, tightly hooped with iron, and fastened with screws. He scarce contained himself for joy. Concealed in the bottom of the boat, and beneath his cloak, he pursued his way to town. He entered the city half beside himself, with the excess of his emotions. He had scarce penetrated midway to his dwelling, when he felt himself tapped upon the shoulder. He turned, and in the unwelcome intruder he beheld a sheriff's officer, who pleasantly informed him that he was in his custody, and marched him deliberately off to jail. Nothing could equal the indifference of gentleman Tommy to this event. He flattered himself that all he had to do was to open the box, and satisfy the debt. Ushered into a low, dark room, fenced in by iron bars, and studded with but few windows, he called authoritatively for hammer and chisel. They were brought him, and the gaoler retired. The box was opened in an instant. The gaoler in a little while returned. He called to Tommy, but received no answer—looked in, and to his surprise beheld the gentleman suspended by his own line from a beam that ran across the apartment. On the bed lay the box, broken open, at the bottom of it lay a large book, much saturated with water, open at the title-page. It seemed to be written in low Dutch characters. Tommy was cut down, but life had utterly departed. A note to his wife had these words:

'Dear Nell—By hook and line—let me have a tombstone, stating the place of my birth, and that I was a Southern planter. I leave the book to our neighbor Jansen, the tinplate worker: he will

probably understand it. Do as you please, however. Kiss Malvina for me. Good bye.'

Thus terminated the adventures of a gentleman. The widow did not give the book to her neighbor Jansen, but in course of time, gave herself. The volume, upon occasion being referred to, proved to be more valuable than had been supposed. Large amounts, acknowledged and payable by the Bank of England, presented themselves to reward the meritorious. Had the laziness of the gentleman permitted him to turn the leaves of the water-soaked volume, he had lived. Nature wished no drones, however, and made him but an instrument for the benefit of others. In the prominent labors of his life, and the manner of his death, gentleman Tommy had made use of the same utensils—the *hook and line*. E.

The Soldier's Farewell.

My banner is flung to the breeze,
And my scimitar bound to my side,
The bark that must bear me is launch'd on the
And awaits but the ebb of the tide. [seas,
The foe of my country is dashing
The free way that circles our shores,
I fly where the weapons of death may be clashing
But the heart that I leave thee is your's.

When thou gav'st, in thy fullness of heart,
The love that has been mine alone:
Did'st thou dream that thy lover could ever de-
Ere he made thy existence his own? [part,
Far away in the fight should I perish,
Would I hold thee betrothed with the dead,
Or, if falsely no longer thy troth I could cherish,
Thy pledge had been better unsaid.

I give thee, at parting, the vow
Thou hast breath'd in my bosom so oft;
And the prayer that I say for thee now,
To the God who has heard thee, I waft.
One kiss, sweetest love, and I leave thee,
One word, and I fly from thy view!
Oh! let not this parting kiss grieve thee,
Nor be sad at the accent adieu.

I have spoken the thought of my heart,
No longer my feet must delay;
Yet it seems when I move to depart,
There is much that I still have to say.
Forget me, yet let there be given,
For the dream that I still claim with thee,
One sigh to the far love in heaven—
One tear to the warrior at sea. G.

Chronicles of Ashley River.—No 5.

In the meantime the conflict raged with redoubled fury upon the opposite wing of the beleaguered tavern. The Indians, under the conduct of Redfoot, defeated in their first effort, by means of a catapult to effect their entrance at the door, now sought by physical force alone and the application of their united strength in some way to effect this object. For this purpose, several shafts formed by a thin sapling of pine, from which the smaller limbs had been removed, were thrust at once against the door, already much weakened by their previous assaults. As the dropping of water, will, in due course of time, fret a way through a stone, so must this defence have fallen in a short period before their persevering efforts, had not a second discharge of fire arms, from the same quarter as before, compelled the savages again to relax in their exertions. Enabled to take an accurate and clear aim, by the light of the moon, the discharge had been fatal to one more of the assailants, and it became evident to them, not so far blinded by their rage as to destroy all capacity of thought, that unless some other means were made use of, they must necessarily, forego their enterprise for the present. With the quickness of thought, Redfoot desisting from his mode of attack, gave a signal whoop to his followers, who sank immediately into the cover of the woods. A few moments only had been suffered to elapse when they were beheld returning, each bearing in his arms, a large bundle of dried reeds, which grew in great quantities about, and overspread the place. These were mixed up with long dried canes and corn stalks, smoked grass and such other fuel as came most conveniently to hand, and was suitable to the purposes in view. The garrison saw with anxiety this new plan of assault and easily conjectured the object of the assailants. With increased alarm they could perceive the Chief Redfoot with a couple of pieces of dry wood, which he rubbed with much force and velocity against each other. After several ineffectual efforts, a slight flame was kindled, which in a moment was applied to the combustibles around, while a loud whoop of exultation from the savages betrayed their delight. The flames spread rapidly and in a moment had made a circuit about the building.

‘Only think, Mistress O’Connell, ho-

ney, how the cunning divels have besit us with their conflagrations. Och, fathers, who’d have thought it but the ould divil himself, who made the rapscallian red legs.’

‘Och, Sargent dear, and what is it that ye’ll be after doing now—ye’ve a nate and ready way with yerself, Sargeant dear, and ye must be gitting us from this predicament, for the life of ye,’ said Mrs O’Connell.

‘Fait, by my soul now, my virry swate Mistress O’Connell, but that’s virry asy to say wid yer own tender mouth, but not so asy to do. Be quiet now, I sees that ribbel Redfoot, standing jist like an alligator of his own tribe, with a grate big mouth like an oven, and whooping like any red divil of them all. Stand back Mistress, dear, and lit us jist have a little drop of revenge, and that’s a swate thing Mrs O’Connell to die for. Plase now to be asy for the rapscallion smells the shot and absconds; the cowardly red leg, and wont be the man to lit me shoot him down.’

‘Mr M’Allister’ now spoke for the first time, the young female whom we have heard designated as the daughter of our Hostess, ‘had we not better Mr M’Allister, instead of consulting idle plans of revenge which can do us no service, see rather what plan or prospect for escape is left us from this dreadful fate. You perceive the flames have completely encircled the house, and although I would not pretend to judge in a matter about which I must profess myself entirely ignorant; I must confess my apprehensions are any thing but inconsiderable.’

‘Troth’ my young lady, and you may well say so,’ replied the blunt Irishman. ‘Since the only hope there is left for us now, is that these savages may break into our definces and taking our outworks put us to a spady and delectable death to keep us from being smoked and fried and suffocated alive. But Mistress ye’re dane mistaken when ye plaise to say that revinge is of no use. Revinge is the sour in the whiskey-punch of life and sorry is the glass that has’n’t got some of it in. It would do my vitals a blessed sarvice to shoot on the pate some of the hathen villains.’

‘Can you not think of some means of escape Mr M’Allister.’

‘Sargeant M’Allister, mistress, if ye plaise and captain commanding on this blessed station of uncomfortable prospect.’

‘But Sargeant ———’

‘Mistress O’Connelly junior which is to say, the younger, make up your mind to go your own way and dont bodder me. Lord bless us—fait, my honey, does ye drame that Sargeant Mac would lit ye die like a bafestake, if a drop or two o’ his own heart’s blood would be of sarvice. Gee us the keys my ould lady, yez a clane cretur, but yez not Mistress M’Allister, an that’s all from that rogue ‘Redfoot,’ gee us the keys and lit’s have the limons. ‘Och, whiskey’s the soul of a nate Irishman.’

At this time and while the Sargeant was preparing a glass of his favorite, the philosophic captain Archer, deserted from his post after closing the window with the utmost care and securing it by a bolt. He at once entered into the councils, which it seemed impossible to make the Sargeant comprehend the necessity of, and many and various were the plans proposed and abandoned for their escape from their present danger. The necessity became urgent and necessarily more difficult to be met and provided for. The flames were seen spreading in every direction and one or two places had made a regular lodgment on the body of the house. Fortunately, however, for the inmates, after the rubbish and dry reeds about had been consumed, the fire increased but slowly upon the larger timbers of the building and were particularly delayed by the dampness arising from a recent and very heavy rain. The Indians however were indefatigable in providing faggots and fuel; and the flames had at length taken a certain and steady hold in several places. In the mean time a sudden and bright blaze showed to the watchful Sargeant the form of a tall savage directly under the aperture in the door, busily employed in pressing the torches beneath the lower joists of the house. An opportunity of this kind was not of frequent occurrence and was, as may be supposed not suffered to pass unnoticed by the determined Sargeant. In a moment, he had drawn the musket to his face and in another he drew the trigger. A groan, succeeded by the falling of a heavy body, announced the success of the discharge, while a shout of fury from the Indians indicated their anger and vexation. Before the Sargeant had time to withdraw the musket from the aperture it had been grasped by a stout

and athletic savage. But the Irishman had all the muscle common and natural to his countrymen. He drew the musket in, and the Indian being equally determined allowed his hand and arm to be drawn in with it; his hope being to obtain possession of the weapon. This error proved fatal to the member concerned, for releasing his grasp upon the gun the Surgeant seized upon the arm of the savage and drawing it still farther, with a sudden and violent jirk he pressed it upon the part of the plank on which it rest and snapt it as easily as if it had been a piece of glass. A scream of intense agony followed this feat. The hand sunk powerless, and the bone at the elbow tore its way upwards through the skin. In the meantime he seized a pistol which had not been discharged in order more fully to complete the vengeance taken upon the adventurer for his audacity. He was, however, disappointed in this hope, the Indians rushed to the support of their comrade and through the fire which now began to blaze with a degree of fury, not a little heightened by the breeze which had considerably increased, as if delighting to add to the misery of their condition within. they bore him by mere dint of animal power from the sturdy gripe of the Sargeant, the unfortunate wretch being unable to speak or to resist and lying lifeless in the arms of his comrades. Deep pain also carries with it a deadening and stunning power, which, by a species of strange but certain reaction becomes its own antidote and loses its agonizing effect upon the subject.

This success on the part of the besieged was but temporary. The savages were now perfectly satisfied to let the destructive element which they had let loose upon the ‘Old Lion’ do its work. No effort in fact was necessary. No resistance could be offered and no avenue for escape appeared to relieve the despairing inmates of the burning mansion. If they made their way through the flames, they but rushed upon the tomahawks of their enemies, who, surrounding the building in anticipation of some such plan, appeared at all points ready to receive them. A perfect consciousness of their dreadful situation added to the despair and misery of the wretched prisoners thus condemned to a death so horrible. Apart from the spot where the Sargeant and Archer and Mrs O’Connelly had assembled in earnest

consultation as to the chance afforded them, knelt the fair pale, interesting young girl, to whom we shall give the name of Julia. She seemed engaged in prayer. Her brow was rather calm than otherwise, her lip quivered, and the tremor of her tones and the slight suffusion of her eye seemed rather at variance with the words of resignation and peace that broke forth detachedly from her lips. The expression of her features was altogether fine and striking. The devotion of her look and the firmness of her voice in spite of the evident effect of her imagined picture of the most horrid of all modes of death, were alone sufficient to satisfy an observer, that of such spirits were the martyrs made. She entered not into the dialogue of the worldly counsellors about her, but at moments her eye would wander enquiringly to her mother and then turn away full of tears.

The group seemed agitated by a variety of emotions. M'Allister seemed to have grown almost indifferent when assured of the certainty of death. He was silent and his faculties by no means obtuse, were now blunted and deadened. Archer stood beside him, with a large peach snuff box between his fingers, yet listening very attentively to what was going on. The hostess spoke.

'And Sargeant, dear, must we be buried alive by the savages. If ye sais it, it is done, and it is'nt Betty O'Connell o' the Ould Lion, that's after baing wake and foolish enough to snivel about the matter at all, at all. But, Julè, Sargent, cant you say something for poor Julè. Did she ixpict to be burned alive, the swate cratur; och Sargent, only git Julè safe to the good Guvnor Sailes, and yer a made man, my darling—blink yer eye at this, see this, it is yer own, my honey, if you'll be after doing the thing and saving my poor Julè;' showing at the same time a woollen stocking, foot and part of the leg, apparently filled with money and jewels.

'Now Sargeant, dear,' continued the old lady as soon as she thought the person she addressed had sufficiently surveyed the deposite. 'Is it you, Sargeant, that will be after rafusing yer ould friend and fillow countryman, saing how asy it is to oblage and benefit yer own self, my honey, by obliging me. Rickon it well, Sargeant, take yer own time to daliberate and ba in a monstrous hurry, as ye will

parcave the fire as nigh, and we will not be able to iscape, until wez all burned up to a cinder. Spake now Sargeant, dear, and say what ye can do for the delicate cratur—pour Julè—to be burned alive by varmints—pour Julè—pour Julè.'

The Sargeant took the bag between his thumb and finger, and seemed to be adjusting in his own mind, what might be the proper weight of the unexaggerated bulk of the sober bullion within. A few moments seemed sufficient to satisfy him in this particular, for quietly putting the bag once more into the hands of its proper owner, he relapsed into his former state of musing.

'And will it not do Sargeant, dear—is it said—is it said—must Julè too perish, is it said, Sargeant, d'ye say it now, dear, wid yer own mouth Sargeant,' exclaimed the disappointed landlady as she received her earnings again into her custody. To one who had employed her whole life in the realization of wealth as a sole aim and pursuit, the idea was always predominant, that that for which she had sacrificed every thing, could at any time procure every thing. Her present disappointment, proved the application and truth of the seeming paradox in that much contested line of Johnson

'And sell for gold what gold can never buy.'

The old lady had never yet known the possibility of the arrival of that time, when money would fail to satisfy and provide for the most exorbitant and extravagant desires. There are but too many who think with Mrs O'Connelly; and perhaps the universal practice of the world tends more to the sale, than the purchase of those goods which, though they may be sold for gold, gold nevertheless can never buy. For the first time, probably, in her life, the old lady became satisfied that, at the present time, this was precisely her own case. A long life had been devoted to that which failed to procure for her even a few hours continuation of life, and in a paroxysm of despair, she exclaimed, while excessive grief seemed to lend a dignity to her speech.

'Och, my powr Julè, and is it so, and is it so—cane it not—cane it not—will not all this money, which I've fought for and suffered and toiled for, will not save the life of my pour babe, who deserves not to suffer nor to toil nor to perish, and is it all come to this—will it do nothing and shall we die, with all this money too,

och Sargeant, try yer thoughts man,—dout be after giving up, my honey—look about ye—Archer, lad, can ye not say—spake man—and it is yours—all—all, say for Julè, my pour child Julè, let her be spared, the swate babe and let me die for her, och, father,—raising her hands suddenly to heaven, and falling on her knees, then starting suddenly on her feet and clasping the hands of Archer together upon the bag, and concluding her apostrophe to him—‘only try Archer boy, say the word—spake my child’s life, my pour Julè, and its yours, my swate captain, all yours, all yours.’

‘Mistress O’Connelly, it is with much regret I must in a few words satisfy you, that without labouring very seriously ourselves to that end, we shall all in the course of half an hour be burned alive in this habitation. Even now the flames, as you may perceive without detriment to your visual organs are—’

He was interrupted by a sudden falling of the rude maple shutter from the window beside them and the rush of a deep and dense column of smoke and flame bursting into the room which drove them to its opposite extreme while a general shout from the savages indicated their knowledge of a disaster which threatened considerably to abridge the term of suffering among the inmates of the beleaguered dwelling. This shout, had the effect, however, of arousing the Sergeant from his unnatural and unseemingly stupor.

‘By my fait, Archer, but we may as well play our part out in this game along with the red legs. Where’s the *grain* and the *troublers*.’

‘The powder and shot, you mean, Sergeant M’Allister.’

‘Eh, to be sure, what else, I mane the powder and shot, as ye say it. Let us give ’em a touch at the parting.’

‘Cæsar,’ exclaimed the captain.

‘Yes, masser Archer,’ replied the African.

‘Get your chalk.’

‘Chalk,’ exclaimed the Sergeant in astonishment, ‘why, captain, friend, what d’ye mane?’

‘I mane, I mane, what I mane. Do you hear what I say, Cæsar.’

‘Yes, massar, I hab ’em ready.’

‘Now load this musket,’ continued Archer handing one piece to the slave, while he loaded the other himself. Placed

upon a chair, he could easily perceive the band of savages that encircled them in their calamity, entirely preventing the possibility of their escape, and triumphing by the most discordant shouts and antic gesticulations over their distresses and anticipated fate. For a moment, the fatal tube varied from its original position under his eye; it seemed changed in order to adopt itself to some more distinguished mark; again it varied in its range, and once as a sudden burst of smoke intercepted his side it sunk quietly from his shoulder; the obstacle passed away; the piece resumed its direction, and settled steadily in the grasp of the brawny captain—

‘Are you ready, Cesar.’

‘Ay, ay, massar, Archer.’

A second, and the trigger was drawn, a loud report succeeded; the smoke cleared away and the African perched upon a barrel of salt fish announced the success of the discharge by marking down an additional stroke to that already drawn upon the door.

The Indians, although highly skilful in conducting a stratagem, are nevertheless frequently incapable of that coolness necessary to all affairs of war, where every thing depends upon cautious and politic management. Led too much from under cover by the exultation which followed their successful experiment of burning the fortress they had otherwise assailed in vain, they were now driven to a sudden ebullition of rage and violence which threw them still open to the vengeance of the few defenders they had penned up within it. The death of one of their body, drove them with horrid yells, and demoniac gesticulations through the flames towards the door which they had before assaulted; and without any distinct plan in view, they threw themselves at once into the jaws of danger. They were repulsed by the firmness of those within; two more of their party were shot down, and the rest blinded and scorched by the flames, fled back in confusion. Their number was now sensibly diminished, but still they did not despair. They were taught prudence by their repulse and cautiously left the flames to complete the work they had begun. These had now completely surrounded the building; they attacked and raged in every part—the roof was enveloped and trembling, and large masses of flame

rushed through the open window above. They crept swiftly and penetrated through the crevices between the logs, and the excessive heat began to be felt like the application of a torture to the wretched inmates. The Sergeant had sunk into his original stupor. Archer was picking his nails with an old knife. And the black Cæsar was waiting patiently for the commands of his mistress to kneel down and pray. She herself was no longer mistress of her reason. She now raved and continued in the most passionate terms to entreat the two men to save her daughter from the flames. She promised not merely the bag of money already noticed, the contents of which must have been considerable, but countless sums besides, magnified certainly by her insanity beyond her most probable means. Finding all of no avail and convinced more than by words, by the general apathy of M'Allister and Archer of the utter impracticability under present circumstances of escape, in a sudden paroxysm she hurled the bag containing her sole wealth, and doubtless the labors of many years, by a violent effort into the approaching flames. No effort was made to prevent her and none to retrieve the money thrown away. Wealth had no charms to those who had no hope of life, and with a broken and despairing accent the wretched old woman continued to rave about and lament the fate of her dear and truly interesting daughter.

This young woman, alone, betrayed that gentle calm and sweet serene, equally remote from the two extremes of despair and apathy. As soon as it was understood that their fate was inevitable she had been engaged earnestly in prayer. Her voice was seldom heard and only when her mothers extravagance of passion rendered it necessary that she should be quieted. Thus situated, the group beheld with as much fortitude as they were able to command the approach of the flames; the smoke was high to suffocation and rolled in broad volumes through the room. They were gradually and insensibly overcome. One by one, except the negro, they sunk upon the floor resigned and as they supposed to perish. Cæsar alone, who was fully proof to every thing like smoke, having lived, and slept and fattened in the ashes of a chimney place, twelve feet broad, was enabled to keep his feet.

Mounted upon the barrel of salt fish' upon which we have had occasion to place him once before, he was still enabled at intervals to observe the progress of the conflagration, and speculate for some longer time than his companions and superiors upon his probable fate.

While affairs stood thus at the 'Ould Lion,' the tide of war took a turn, certainly unexpected and by the red men, quite unlooked for and undesired. The flame incautiously applied to the tall canes and dry grass and reeds, growing promiscuously about, encouraged by the wind, had by this time laid siege to the best part of the but lately erected village—now called *old* then *new* town. Every blast of wind increased the danger as it increased the flames, and at length the inhabitants, otherwise too weak and too timid to contend with the savages and during the night-time were compelled to sally out to avoid the flames. With arms in their hands, collected in a body and grown bold by desperation they assaulted suddenly and with excellent conduct the Indian aggressors; unprepared for this new and unexpected attack, they offered comparatively but little fight. Several of them were slain upon the first fire and though many of the whites perished, the Indians were finally dispersed and fled.

All this the black (Cæsar) had witnessed with perfect ease. His eyes seemed inured to the influence of smoke, and resolutely bade it defiance. The scene was lit brightly for miles round, and as one side of the house fell down a smouldering ruin he beheld the no longer doubtful struggle between the whites and their foes. With a violent effort he succeeded in raising his young mistress from the floor where she had fallen. The fire and smoke had less influence upon them in that situation than might have been expected. The application of a little water and they revived. Cæsar was now assisted by one or two of the people of the town who had approached the burning tavern, but with little hopes of finding any of its inmates living. Their gallant defence had excited general admiration and while the Sergeant and Captain remained in a lethargic condition, Cæsar was the hero who had achieved every thing.

Assisted by the new comers, Cæsar contrived to revive the whole party. To convey the females through the burning

embers, was from their dress, not so easy a performance. To rescue them at once was necessary. The falling of a greater portion of one end of the building proved of infinite advantage; their escape was facilitated by the space which it created. An old blankent, saturated with water, encircled the no-ways pigmy dimensions of the worthy landlady; her daughter, the fair Julia was wrapt in another, and thus protected, they were borne safely through the flames. Efforts were now made to remove such moveables as might be of sufficient value in the new settlement to reward the trouble. Few of the liquors were preserved; many of them, from the intense heat having burst the casks in which they were contained. Box after box and barrel after barrel, however, was borne away with the most unexampled rapidity. The Sergeant did wonders at work, but the Captain found it unsuitable to his dignity to labor at any other than the profession of a soldier.

'What is this,' said one of the assistants to his companions as he drew from a corner a bag, at the bottom of which something heavy seemed to rest.

'Out with it,' said the Sergeant, and in a moment a bloody head rolled forth upon the floor. A glance discovered it, though gashed and mangled, to be the head of the unfortunate scold Mrs Tchew whom we may remember to have seen before.

A general expression of horror announced the sentiment which followed this discovery in the minds of the party.

'Och' said the Sergeant, 'no harm in the world had the thafe taken out the ould wife's tongue, but her head, fait, that was going too far.'

The bag was the property of the chief Redfoot, and the strong desire he had to reclaimed it was now accounted for.

Having removed the head of the unfortunate woman for examination, they left the house; at dawn it was level with the ground and one quarter of the little township was in the same situation.

Music.

—It comes again and with a fuller swell
As if the waters bore it on their waves,
And the winds did it homage.

Does the maid
Who pours that plaintive note upon our ears,
From whence it fills our hearts, think at this time
How many spirits, late disturb'd by storms,
Are chastened into calm, by that sweet strain!

Education.

By the term education, we are usually taught to consider the mere instruction and order of the schools; the dull routine of labors, affecting little more than the memory and application of the pupil, and binding him down to obedience to a government, the object and principles of which he is usually entirely ignorant of, and at very little pains to understand.—It will be our present object to give this term a more extended definition; not so much with the view of multiplying disputes merely nominal; but, as we believe the definition to involve an additional practice, of the highest importance to the subject of education, of directing the attention of parents and tutors to a duty, seldom looked upon in that light before, yet of more real necessity than the long course of instruction, to which the head of the pupil alone, and not his manners, morals and feelings, is at this period injudiciously and partially confined.

In performing a task of this nature, we will be understood as merely giving a speculation of our own; and as we shall endeavor to do this with that proper modesty and deference which is so essential to one who is a mere theorist, we shall necessarily hope for that indulgence and forbearance which is no less a right than a kindness to him who couples his adventure with such an acknowledgment.—While we aver ourselves to have thought much and often upon the matter of education, we may not the less allow, that the whole course of our thoughts may have been entirely misdirected; we may be like that Indian philosopher, who, dreaming of a purer state of existence, and a clime of truer and holier affections in this life, has found, upon awakening, that he had forgotten to build its foundation with truth and good will to men, and in despair demolished the ideal fabric of a thirty years' creation. If we have not better succeeded in a design, which has for its object the good and happiness of humanity, we have nevertheless the grateful consolation of knowing, that such at least is our endeavor, and the failure and overthrow should not the less be consecrated by the worthiness of the attempt.

Some few general principles, as with every other science, will form the elementary grounds upon which we would erect a perfect system of education. These grounds are simple in themselves, and ea-

sily comprehended. They are reducible to practice and application, in the most unfriendly situations, and under the most unpropitious circumstances; and in fact, as will easily be perceived, a proper system of government for children, must be that which may apply to human nature generally, under any restrictions, and in whatever situation in life its lot may be cast. This government must be entirely domestic, and must be assumed by, and entrusted to the individual in whose charge, and under whose eye the pupil is most likely to be most frequently placed. This part of government is wholly elementary, and rather prepares and lays the foundation of the morals and manners, than for the education and improvement of the understanding of the child. We will suppose, (as the instance is most likely at all times to occur,) the case of a father or mother as sole instructor to a son. The child we will suppose a year old. He has begun to discriminate between external objects: he knows his father from his mother, and these in turn from all others. The first step now to his proper education is method. Precept cannot be brought in at this age to co-operate with example. This latter quality, therefore, seconded by a watchful restraint, that should omit no attention, will be his sole tutor. The fact of the distinction made by the child between his father and mother, betrays the progress of the understanding, and shows him to be capable of comprehending, though he may not be able to determine abstractedly upon the nature or quality of that which he hears or sees. This fact will render the parents particularly careful that he be allowed to see nothing which might be detrimental to the manners or morals of one older. All levity should be studiously avoided in his presence, and above all things, the father, whom he must implicitly obey, and his mother, whom he should unhesitatingly respect, while they exhibit the utmost attention to his wants, and a continual and watchful eye and reference to his safety, must never permit themselves to lose their dignity or self-respect before him: *they must be perfect in his eyes.* By not seeming to care for him in his movements, even while the utmost care is maintained for him, he will be taught early and properly to rely upon, and to take care of himself. He will acquire a habit of caution that will add to

his security, and render him sooner at liberty to dispense with the continual attendance of a nurse. Beyond this, however, the value of a reliance of this kind upon himself will be immediately estimated as he enters upon the great theatre and stage of life. He is firm, manly and independent, and if he wants his shoes tied, he contrives to do without ringing or calling for a servant. This, in itself, is a valuable accomplishment, where he does not possess one. His resources become sooner developed, his means more full, and if his urgencies are great, he is better able to meet and contend with them. It was the wise observation of one of the Grecian sages, that if you want to judge of the ability of a boy, strip him naked, and send him among strangers—meaning thereby, that, sent among strangers, into foreign parts, with those adventitious props of family, fortune and friends withdrawn, the native vigor of his mind, properly prepared for such trials, would render him perfectly capable of meeting the difficulties and novelties of his situation. This is one important feature upon which depends much of the character of the man in after life. A child ought never to be permitted to require a servant to do for him that which he can, and which it would not be improper for him, to do for himself. A boisterous and domineering superiority over servants and dependants, should also be carefully and sternly restricted. He should rather be made always to understand that he is a dependant himself—a piece of information which, by tending to the mortification of his pride, will the sooner prepare him for a state of independence. At table, where we would place our child at twelve months old, we would not certainly require him to get his own glass of water. *There* we would have him rigidly, constantly and patiently attended to, in order to prevent him from calling repeatedly for what he may want, and in order still further to suppress any thing like pertness and indecorum on his part, by an immediate and ready attendance. We should require him to do all, or any of those little things which it might be in his power to do: he should bring our hat, gloves, stick, and so forth. By this means, he would acquire a familiarity with all such objects, even before he is able to name them. The power of association is all the while going on, and the daily actions

of the child will soon satisfy you to that effect. Give him a peach, and, having previously been permitted to observe you, (a practice which you should always have in view,) he will, uninstructed, seek for a knife to peel it; after which, taking particular care that he has seen you do so before, the infant will carry the stone to the door, or throw it from the window. Told to go to walk, and he will look for his hat and shoes. This he will do when sixteen or eighteen months old.—Try it, and you will be satisfied of the fact. At a certain hour, have him awakened in the morning; be equally methodical in putting him to bed at night.—When awakened, no matter how soon you commence, bathe him in cold water: this, for awhile, will be loudly objected to by the subject himself, but in a little while he will become familiar with the element, and delight to get at, and play in it. Send him to walk at sunrise, if the morning be clear: in the woods and among the trees, if they be conveniently at hand. Let the walk, however, be not so long as to fatigue, but rather let the child be frequently taken up and carried by the attendant. A simple breakfast of *homany* (?) and milk, and a little bread and tea, will refresh and enliven. At the table, permit none of your own family to play or trifle with him, and if a visitor presumes to violate your rule in this particular, do not regard the fact of his being a stranger, but send your child from the table; for the morals and manners of a human being are not for an instant to be put in comparison with the received customs of society, or the etiquette and artificial forms of politeness. Above all things, if *you*, and not *your wife*, be the master of your house, never depart from the strictest decorum in your own manners at table, nor allow any other member of your family to do so. At any other time, you may bestow upon your child all the affection and kindness that your nature may be capable of; your sternness and rigidity* while at table will

soon inform him of the necessity of varying his conduct, according with the situation in which he may be placed. He will follow you closely in all things, for, like a dog, a child is soon enabled to discern who is the master in the house, and act accordingly. If you give an order, and it is not instantly obeyed, do not endeavor to compel its obedience, but punish,† and send him from your sight.—Seem to forget the offence after the punishment; let some days elapse, then repeat the order, and you will receive implicit attention and obedience.‡ Always

it—with a perfect example of lofty and generous morals from papa and mamma, with a delicate perception of right and wrong, and modest demeanor and proper morals, a word alone—a look will be enough. If he has been taught to love and honor his parents, their anger and indifference will be of more avail than stripes. His regret will be poignant—his punishment severe—his penitence and atonement, honest, and open, and sincere.

†For this we have a good and sufficient reason. Many persons think it best, as we have frequently beheld the experiment tested, to conquer what they assume to be the stubbornness of the pupil; and with this view, they beat the child mercilessly and uselessly, in order to compel his acquiescence to an order, which has probably been a mere trifle. Possibly, if he has robbed an orchard, to extort a confession implicative of himself or comrades; neither of which, a boy of spirit is apt, on all occasions, to do. With the latter part of his confession, it would be dishonest, in fact, for him to comply; and this principle he should be taught on all occasions. We know the maxim, 'Honesty among thieves.' To punish as long as he holds out, is either to beat him (to make use of the vulgar phrase) to a mummy, or to wear out and break down a spirit which only needs moderating and pruning to be commendable and praiseworthy: neither of which ends would be desirable to a good parent or an honest teacher. Punish for the offence; for contumacy and obstinacy; do not seek by continued punishment to subdue it at a time. No such victory is to be obtained without a total destruction of its object. It is like burning a city, to obtain possession of its treasures. A wretched and miserable ruin is the only result of the ill-conceived, and idle, and extravagant endeavor.

‡We make, from the excellent observations of Mr. Gillies, in his Grecian History, on the peculiar discipline of the Spartan mode of education, the following extract. The force of it cannot be misunderstood.

'After attaining the ordinary branches of education, youth are frequently left the masters of their own actions. Of all practical errors, Lycurgus deemed this the most dangerous. His discernment perceived the value of that most important period of life, which intervenes between childhood and virility; and the whole force of his discipline was applied to its direction and improvement. Instead of being loosened from the usual tier of authority, the Spartans, at the age of adolescence, were subjected to a more rigorous

*We have spoken of punishment: let us not be misunderstood. We have no idea of beating the body, and, by sympathetic action, suppose thereby that the mind of the child is to be acted upon. A system of this kind may be necessary for brutes—it may be necessary, too, (and we say nothing against its application,) to a hardened, and spoiled, and *bad* boy, as spoiled boys invariably are, or to a brutal, and vicious, and abandoned man. But with a boy, bred up in our way—as we would have

discriminate between the proper and improper behaviour of the child; neglect,

restraint; and the most extraordinary expedients were employed to moderate the love of pleasure, to correct the insolence of experience, and to control the headstrong impetuosity of other youthful passions. Their bodies were early familiarized to fatigue, hunger and watching; their minds were early accustomed to difficulty and danger. The laborious exercise of the chase formed their principal amusement: at stated times, the magistrates took an account of their actions, and carefully examined their appearance. If the seeds of their vicious appetites had not been thoroughly eradicated by a life of habitual toil and temperance, they were subjected to corporal punishment, which it was their custom to endure with patient fortitude. The maxims of honor were instilled by precept, and enforced by example. The public tables, which were frequented by all ages, served as so many schools of wisdom and virtue, where, on ordinary occasions, but more particularly on days of festivity, the old related their ancient exploits, and boasted their past prowess; those in the vigor of life displayed the sentiments which their manly courage inspired; and the young expressed a modest confidence, that, by steadfastly adhering to the precepts of Lycurgus, they might be enabled in due time to equal, perhaps surpass, the glory of both.

But the desire of emulating the fame of their illustrious ancestors was not the most ardent principle that animated the minds of the rising generation. They were taught to vie with each other in every agreeable and useful accomplishment. As they were trained and disciplined in separate classes, according to their respective ages of childhood, adolescence, and virility, their characters were exactly ascertained and fully known: and the rewards and honors gradually bestowed on them, were apportioned to the various degrees of excellence which they had previously discovered. When they attained the verge of manhood, three youths of superior merit were named by the Ephori, that they might respectively choose, each an hundred of their companions, who should be entitled to the honorable distinction of serving in the cavalry. The reasons of preference and rejection were openly explained; and the youths who had been set aside, became, from that moment, the rivals and opponents both of the electors and of the elected. At home and abroad, in the assemblies for conversation and exercise, in the gymnastic and musical contests, in their military expeditions, as well as their emulation and ardor, the one to regain the equality which they had lost, the other maintain their ascendancy.—They seldom rencountered in the streets or walks, without discovering their animosity in mutual defiance, often in blows. But these quarrels were not dangerous, either to the quiet of the public, or to the persons of individuals because the combatants were obliged to separate (under the pain of punishment and disgrace) at the peaceful summons of every by-standers; and the respected admonitions of age controlled, on such occasions, the youthful fermentation of turbulent passions.

The reverence for aged wisdom, which formed the prevailing sentiment of the heroic times, was restored by the legislation of Lycurgus, and employed as a main pillar of his political edifice.—The renovation of limited government, the equal partition of lands, and the abolition of wealth and

and do not appear to notice him when he has been guilty of any reprehensible conduct; otherwise, bestow upon him the utmost kindness and affection. By this means, he will learn the value of your affections, and be careful never to slight or forfeit them. While young, the sense of shame is singularly acute in children—more particularly in children brought up in this manner; take care, then, never to disgrace him before another, and be particularly delicate when you do it alone. So long as there is a sense of shame in the villain, he may be restored to morality and the honors of society; remove that, let it be blunted by frequent ignominy, and the offender becomes callous and hardened, and quite indifferent to the opinions, and dispositions, and estimates of society and the world. This nice test of virtue, and proof of its existence, must be touched upon with the utmost delicacy; and in commenting upon the sin of the offender, it is frequently bad policy to

luxury, had removed the artificial sources of half the miseries and disgrace of human kind. But Lycurgus considered his system as incomplete, until he had levelled, not only the artificial, but many of the natural inequalities, in the condition of his fellow citizens. The fears and infirmities of the old were compensated by honor and respect; the hopes and vigor of the young were balanced by obedience and restraint. The difference of years thus occasioned little disproportion of enjoyment; the happiness of every age depended on virtuous exertion; and as all adventitious and accidental distinctions were removed, men perceived the importance of personal merit, and of its reward, the public esteem, and eagerly grasped the advantages which glory confers; the only exclusive advantages which the laws of Lycurgus permitted them to enjoy. The paternal authority, which maintained the discipline, and promoted the grandeur of Rome, was firmly established at Sparta, where every father might exercise an unlimited power, over not only his own, but the children of others, who were all alike regarded as the common sons of the republic. This domestic superiority naturally prepared the way for civil pre-eminence: the elective dignities of the state were obtained only by men of experienced wisdom; and it required sixty years of laborious virtue to be entitled to a seat in the senate house, the highest ambition of the Spartan chiefs. Such regulations, of which it is impossible to mistake the spirit, had a direct tendency to produce moderation and firmness in the public councils, to control the too impetuous ardor of a warlike people, to allay the ferment of domestic faction, and to check the dangerous ambition of foreign conquest. The power of the magistrate was con-founded with the authority of the parent; they mutually assisted and strengthened each other, and their united influence long upheld the unshaken fabric of the Spartan laws, which the old felt it their interest to maintain, and the young deemed it their glory to obey.

let him understand that you are even familiar with the extent of his offence.—Exhibit a reasonable degree of abhorrence for a portion, and he will himself add a proportionate increase to that which he believes still unknown. He will think, if this, which is known, is so aggravated, how much more so is that which is concealed. He will be able to retreat with honor, and will never commit the same or a like offence. We will continue this at our pleasure.

The Haunted Glen.

While the evening gushes
Such pure silver out.
And this streamlet rushes
Through its green-lip'd spout ;
And that star so single,
In its pow'r and light,
Streams across the ingle
In the halls of night ;
We, whom life oppresses,
'Mong the haunts of men,
Seek for Love's caresses
In this haunted glen.

Tremble not, my sweet one,
At Tradition's talk.
Sprites, we shall not meet one,
In this pleasant walk ;
True, they often tell us,
'Round the winter's stove,
Of some foolish fellows,
Who gave up life for love ;
And, leaving their warm pillow,
Leap'd in the stream below,
Thus filling up the billow
That Nature meant to flow.

If this glen is haunted,
By either quick or dead,
The spot so well enchanted,
Is the very spot we tread :
Something so aerial
Breathes along the waste,
I think the Immaterial
Have much improved in taste.
'Tis too sweet, my fairest,
To allow a sprite,
To monopolize the dearest
Of all the halls of night.

Here, above us, rises
A steep, but green-brow'd rock ;
There, the spectre tries his
('Tis said) accustomed walk :
Down the glen, a streamlet
Creeps with silent flows ;

While the moon, a beam let
From her lamp, bestows
A tender light, to show it
The wild, secluded grove,
And the rippling stream below it,
Was meant alone for Love.

How fairy like, yet certain
Light, fills the way we came ;
And what a silver curtain
Night throws about her frame,
In pure and waveless splendor,
With scarce a breath to stir,
The stillness, calm and tender,
Which belongs so well to her.
There o'er the sky divinely
Her silver veil is drawn,
As delicate and finely
As the eastern wing of dawn.

Here on this ledge, projected
From the rock above the stream,
From the winds above protected,
We will watch the evening beam ;
The mellow light, thus flowing
From out a silver fount,
Like the purer day-spring glowing,
From the prophet on the mount :
In excess of beauty streaming,
It is spread across the sky,
And, with equal splendor gleaming,
Hills and vales beneath it lie.

Fear not for sprites, my sweetest,
Those immaterial things,
Whose wings are always fleetest
When they fly to pleasant springs.
This grove is too secluded
To be meant for them alone,
And if love has been deluded
Here, again he'll be o'erthrown.
This hill, in light reposing,
With the fair world round's too sweet,
To be kept, while dolts are dozing,
For ghosts and ghostly feet.

I care not if they wander
With the breeze that blows around ;
They still have love to squander,
Or they would not here be found :
Hearts broken, and yet breaking,
And hearts that still must break,
All other paths forsaking,
This lonely one must take ;
For sorrow loves the moonlight—
And love is apt to steal
In silence when large halls are bright,
Beneath the moon to kneel ;
And 'tis for love, the dearest
Search all the world beside,
Of each spot of earth the fairest,
Where kindred hearts have died !

Angling.

Gautier. Where hast thou been, good Damian, with that rope?

Damian. Rope! why that's a fishing line—a thread.

Gautier. A fishing line, and what has been thy luck?

Wert thou in season, had'st thou any sport?

Thy dinner hast thou won?

Damian. No! but I've had

A merry chance of finding sport enough,
Some earnest nibbles and one glorious bite,
But ever and anon, when I had thought
To have grappled some fair monster of the brook
A leaf disturb'd the waters, or a fly
Settled upon the cork, or noise in the trees
Has scared the scaly nibbler from the hook,
And broke my line or carried off the bait
And left me in ill fortunes company.—*Old Play.*

I have always been fond of such amusements as took me away from the heat and crowd and noise of city life. I have lived in the woods like a native; have lain myself down lazily by sluggish brooks and been lulled to sleep by the trickling motion of the waters; watched their progress when awake and been perfectly content with no better incident to disturb the evenness and regular stillness of the scene, than the dropping of a leaf upon them. There was always a charm for me in a life of this kind—to go forth as soon as I had breakfasted, into the woods; seek out the most shady and secluded spot and dream of human happiness and content, as of a matter which however undetermined among men, was yet not wholly visionary. My principal and in fact, only companion upon these occasions was a fishing rod, made of one of our native canes, and a line and hook of such liberal dimensions as might have on extraordinary occasions been used for the taking of a shark or alligator. To these might be added a sheet of an old copy of Isaac Walton's complete angler; some of the passages of which had inspired me for the amusement which had now become a part of my regular vocation. This page from the old man's book furnished me with many golden rules, from the distance required from the cork to the bait, in proportion to the depth of water I fished in; to a minute calculation of the point of the compass from whence the wind should come, if I expected any sport. But Isaac had not smitten me so much with the love of his favorite mystery as my natural habit of idleness, which taught me to consider it the most convenient excuse for the indulgence of my favorite propensity.

I was more fond of musing and soliloquising with Jaques than of baiting and angling with Isaac; and I soon discovered that my head was more readily filled with idle fancies, than my basket with lusty fish. My rage for Isaac's raptures passed off gradually as my ill luck became proverbial and no longer to be parried with such excuses, as the roughness of the water; 'windiness of the day,' 'bad bait,' and 'alligator in the creek,' and I merely continued the practice of going out with line and rod, that I might have an apology for my idle habit of wandering. To the brook I still went regularly, because it had a pleasant arch of green bushes, and a fine and comfortable back to which my frame had been so often fitted; my line would still find a place in the water and still, when in my listlessness I would behold the cork bob down quickly beneath the surface and the broad bubbles rise upon it that indicated the struggle below, I hesitated not to draw out the shining trout or ugly headed catfish; but I was at length, though reluctantly, compelled to acknowledge it to myself—I was no longer a fisherman, and without a sigh, my determination was given up and 'Othello's occupation gone. No longer did—

'The wind from the South,
Blow the bait in the fishes mouth,'

Nor did I find it necessary to prepare a reason for ill luck, other than that afforded by the general complexion of my whole destiny. I had been one of those unfortunates, who, in the lines of Moore,

—'Never loved a tree or flower,
'But 'twas the first to fade away'

And chafed with the collision of men, the
'Jostle of far sighted emulation.'

I felt that it would be far better to let life wear out in an endless calm in the woods, than to drag it through a continual storm among waters:

'Whose mercies are,' (such as we might expect from)

Human beings in a civil war'

I deserted the crowd accordingly, and 'mused upon the gray rocks,' and 'on the waves of ocean mused' and 'mused unutterable things,' which amused me but little at the time, and will, perhaps, amuse my readers still less now:—I shall therefore neither trouble him nor myself with any distinct account of my musings; forbear the history of ravenous cat, and finny bream, and ponderous alligator, 'hugest of things,' that swims in ponds and inland waters to the great inconvenience

nience of the smaller fry, and thus, having no distinct object in view, and having got thus far in my narrative of musing, without enlightening either myself or reader to any very great extent, as to the manner in which I shall get out of it, I am almost tempted to take the Kentuckians mode, when called to the field of 'honorable' combat, viz: turn my back upon the company and when asked where I am going—reply without hesitation 'to Kentucky.' But, as I am not disposed so to avoid the arena of combat, I shall merely pause a breathing space, with all full intention of returning at occasional periods, the intervals of which, will, however, be suited entirely to my own convenience.

WALTERBORO'.

Song.

To-morrow to-morrow—

The sound on my heart,

Is linked with the sorrow,

That feels we must part.

The prospect that made us,

Forgetful so long,

At last has betrayed us—

No longer the strong

Affection that drove us,

To madden and dare—

But comes now to move us

To grief and despair,

This hope is still left us

If we are undone—

Our love is not rest us,

We are one—we are one.

To Myra.

Shall I believe thee now

Thou who hadst made submission unto love,

A weary toil, and did'st refuse to bow,

To him who holds a spell upon thy heart,

Like that the moon doth keep upon the sea,

Denying it, save in one point to move,

And binding it, as he doth enchain thee,

All proud and bright and scornful as thou art.

No! dream it not,

Thou in the wildness of thy passionate mood,

Like that same struggling sea, art only wro't

To love and its devotion, and restrained,

By the same spell that wraps me—thou would'st be

Weak maiden, but a despot, were thy blood

Control'd not—my security, with thee

Is not thy love for me, but that thyself art chain'd

E.

Spanish Literature.

The oldest monument in prose, we know of the *Romance*, (a name given to the Spanish tongue in the middle ages,) is the version of the ancient laws of Spain, printed by Villa Diego, which from being made in the 4th council of Toledo as Pelicier asserts, can only be referred to the time of king Don Fernando the iii, who ordered to translate from the Latin into the Castilian language, the same volume of the ancient laws, with the title of *Laws for Cordova*. The king would probably have spared the trouble of a translation had its antiquity been as remote as it is admitted by that writer. This proves at the same time, that the king being aware that the language had reached a certain degree of perfection that might eclipse the light of his age, would have made it the language of The Government and Laws; from which period, it was to proceed with gigantic pace, thus preparing the happy revolution brought in the following reign by his worthy successor Alphonzo the X.

During this imperfect state of the *Romance*, the appearance of the heroic *Cid* could not but excite the admiration of his cotemporaries, who devoted to his eulogy some popular songs. Ephemeral compositions, which, though lost to posterity, did, however, transmit to the next generation the exaltation his valiant deeds had inspired. This too established the probability that the Poem of the *Cid*, the most ancient heroic production, belongs to the middle of the twelfth century. We need not observe to our readers that the *Cid* is not an epic poem, for could a work at this epoch, be deserving of the name, its fame would have assumed a greater range, and rival Italy would perhaps have lost the most precious of her titles. It is only the historical narration of the exploits of Roderigo de Vivar, occasionally fraught with animation, and presenting incidents with sudden fantastic flight; but it is deficient in invention and beauty, and the style is stamped with the rudeness of the age. Many of the verses have no ascertained measure, and wanting in that kind of euphony that constitute the rhyme, are reduced to prosaic mediocrity. Notwithstanding these defects, when we consider the time of its appearance, the production may appear wonderful, and posterity would rejoice to know the name of its author.

This was followed in the thirteenth century by the poetical works of Gonzalo de Berceo, and the poem of Alyandro de Juan Lorenzo, from which it appears that the language acquired softness and correction, and the verse was submitted to a certain measure, in the latter are found two letters in prose that possess no small portion of merit from the accuracy, the felicity of images and harmony of periods.

In the middle of the thirteenth century appeared Alphonso the wise, a phenomenon of that epoch; a mathematician, an astronomer, a historian and a poet, he was distinguished in these various branches, but mostly known by his code of laws, (*Código de los partidas*), a venerable monument in the history of legislation, and of language. Capmany observes that this precious monument contains the treasure of the primitive Castilian Romance, exhibiting an easy style and improved diction supported by the majesty of thought which no modern language in Europe could equal in that age. A long period elapsed before the Italian produced its match; the Decameron was written about a century from that time. Alphonso was also the author of many valuable works, part of which was not printed.

The turbulent D Juan Manuel, whose ambitious and enterprising youth so often excited rebellion and discord during the reign of D Fernando IV, and Alphonso XI, but who effaced in his mature age the imprudent acts of his early life by deeds of renown, possessed an extensive genius, and by his example and influence added to the advantages, improvement and abundance of the language in the fourteenth century. The *Conde de Lucanor* is of all his works the only one public. This is a moral production in the dialogical form, that to a profound philosophy and accurate knowledge of the human heart, unites the graces of a smooth natural and grateful style in the various tales through which instruction is conveyed. He also was gifted with poetical powers, and as a lover of the muses was deservedly praised. Several causes concurred in this age to polish and refine the language: the agitation and effervescence of the mind in the stormy reigns of Alphonso the XI. D Pedro the severe judge (*el Justiciero*) and Eurigue the II, that mixture of chivalrous and religious enthusiasm resulting from continual wars

with the Moors, who at the same time communicated to Spain, knowledge, customs, laws and language. The splendid actions on the field of battle, love, challenges, tilts, tournaments and the various pathos which extend over imagination a despotic sway, required a language to characterise the feelings and be adequate from its energy and harmony, in the power to express them. From the enchantments and vestiges of those passions sprung at the same period, the numerous Spanish novels and books of knight-errantry, the first of which was *Amadis de Gaul* from the pen of Vaseo Je Lobeira, styled by Cervantes the dogmatiser of the sick, whose book, however, being considered as *unique* in its composition, and the best of its kind was saved from the conflagration, when Don Quixotte's library was so severely scrutinized.

The influence of the causes I stated could not but advance the Spanish language to this wonderfully progressing and acquiring as a docile instrument majesty, harmony and grace, and emerging from a rude infancy into a refined state, as may be seen by the selected pieces of D Pedro Lopez de Agala, who amongst other publications gave the first translation of Livy. After the death of Eurigue the III the throne of Castile was occupied in the beginning of the fifteenth century by D Juan the II, a prince whose memory will ever be held dear by all the friends of letters, whatever judgment may be passed upon him by the less indulgent politician; a protector of the muses, and a lover of social pleasures, he diffused through his court a taste for poetry, that became so predominant as to cause versifying to be an epidemic infirmity or an exclusive delirium of such as aspired to his favour. The poetical age of D Juan the II, prepared for the next the majestic eloquence, the brilliancy and elegance of the Avilas, the Granadas, the Mendozas and many others. We do not draw the inference that the fifteenth century produced no respectable prose writers. The history of Literature has preserved their names, and analyzed their various merits. From Herman Gomes de Cibdareal the physician of D Juan the II, who was highly considered by the lords and literati of the court, we have the *Centon Epistolary*, a work that besides raising curiosity by the facts it contains, is also commendable for the qualities of the style. Facetious

wit, perspicuity, purity and ease, make up sufficiently for some neglect in the harmony and ornament of the phrase.

The *Delectable Vision* of the batchelor Alphonso de la Torre, justified the ideas conceived of him, when he undertook the composition of a work intended for the instruction of the heir to the king of Navarre; the dry and abtuse ideas of political and moral subjects are ingeniously veiled by allegory, and the sublimity of the maxims is embellished by the graceful style: he is florid without effeminacy, concise without obscurity, and adorned without affectation. It may be cited as monument of the refined Castilian prose of the fifteenth century.

Fernan Perry de Gusman, who followed his king to the famous battle of the Gliguera so fatal to the Moors of Granada, and glorious to the king D Juan the II, after having defended his country as a warrior, illustrated it as a writer. The chronicle of this king and his book of *Generaciones* and *Semblanzas*, are two valuable works, the last of which excels in merit, and is stamped with the traits of genius. The portraits exhibit a striking resemblance, and are astonishingly true. With precision and energy, and the facility of great masters, he delineates the traits of each physiognomy, and shades the picture with observations and profound moral and political maxims. We do not compare him to Labruyere, but we should consider that the latter who is sometimes his imitator, was born nearly two centuries after the former, and that his portraits could obtain all the liberty that gave them the character of the ideal.

Spain produced in the fifteenth century a Plutarch to whom the other nations of Europe, without excepting Italy, can hardly oppose a rival. We allude to Fernando del Pulgar, the chronicler of the catholic kings, who in his *Claros Varones* displays that undeviating judgment and sound argument which characterises Plutarch. Though the latter surpasses him by his erudition and vehemence. The former derives his principle merit from correction and elegance, conciseness and energy, and the more diffusive charms of a graceful style united to a noble simplicity which, we may reasonably assert, are not generally found in the writers anterior to the reign of Carlos the V. His collection of letters may be adopted as a model of the epistolary manner, some-

times familiar and jocose, sometimes imitative of Cicero and Pliny, when rising to the dignity of the subject. He wrote besides other works, a history of the Moorish kings of Granada. Diego de Valirea, also the chronicler of the catholic kings, who possessed the virtues of a public man, as a writer yields to many the preference, except when his pen is guided by the swelling sentiment of patriotism, that gives animation to his language. He wrote an abbreviated chronicle of Spain, dedicated to Queen Isabella, containing two able expositions of the pacific principles he had maintained, and a treatise entitled *Providencia Contra Fortuna*, in which the multiplicity of citations is rather injurious to the merit of the composition, that neither is, nor can be as animated as the former.

Sonnet.

My love, my love! what is there in the name
That thus my heart should tremble? Must I be
Forever led by that still wandering flame,
That moves like dancing meteors on the sea,
All lustre, glory, brightness for awhile—
Till the blue waters, from their secret caves
Roll into splendor, dazzle, break and smile,
And hold a pleasant murmur in their waves,
Gladsome and giving joy. Alas! to be
But the cold harbingers of human graves!
My love! my heart! O, cold and warm by turns
Weakness and giant strength, and hopes and fears
Now heavy and now leaping, now it burns
And maddens—then it melts away in tears.

Sonnet.

Thou art my idol—I will bow to thee—
Sweet flow'rs I'll bring thee, at the early chime
Of the grey morning—I will win old time
To sit beside me, as I gaily free
Each inner thought and secret of my heart,
That I shall offer thee upon thy shrine,
Happy that gift, so very vain as mine,
I may successful unto the impart!
What shall I offer else? the thought that fain
Would prompt a gift of flow'rs, or fruits or
aught,
Is an emotion by that same heart wrought,
To such devotedness—and when I've lain
The heart itself before you, I bestow
Thought, feeling, action, flow'rs and tears, you
know.

Thanksgiving.

Why it is that the temples of Jehovah should be annually filled in each succeeding year with all sects and denominations—that the altars of God should resound with a thousand voices raised in pious song—that among all civilized nations, and among all civilized countries, these solemn convocations should consecrate some designated period,—are questions which we shall endeavor briefly to resolve. Is it because the sacrifice is at hand, as in days of old? or the smoking victim already immolated? Is it because the temple of God is the shelter for crime, as in times of bigotry and darkness? We answer, *no!* Though many of the practices of our ancestors are discovered to be ill adapted to the present state of society in which we live, yet the pure and unsullied word of God is still heard in distinct numbers throughout the world.—The purposes, then, for which we lift up our voices, in sacred appeals to heaven, are better suited to the age and country in which we hold our being, in which we discern all the principles and influences of rational piety, civil immunities and privileges, and a free and enlarged spirit of liberal inquiry, always tending to the progress of knowledge and the advancement of education. In all well regulated communities, we recognize assemblages of different sexes, ages and conditions, uniting to offer up in piety and prayer, the grateful emotions of their hearts, for the continued mercies of heaven. Perhaps but a few years have expired since some of them were shrouded in the habiliments of woe; yet the pestilence has passed over those who live, and they are so far safe. The tomb has opened to friends and foes, to parents and kindred, yet some have survived: the seasons have changed, the autumnal leaf has fallen, the chilling blasts are dissipated and gone, the richness of Spring will return to some with all the variegated beauties of Nature: they still live, and breathe, and inhabit the same frames. Tenants only of their earthly tabernacles, they pass on to the inevitable destinies which await them, with the same unerring certainty as the 'sparks fly upward.'

That these things should seriously incite us to reflection—that they should have the tendency to lead us on to a full discharge of our moral duties—that they should insensibly make us better men,

better citizens, and in all respects better subjects for divine mercy, is not at all strange, any more than the perils of life should warn us how we encounter new difficulties, or that the practice of virtuous pursuits inevitably leads to the extermination of vice.

It is only, then, by the aid of serious reflection, that we are enabled properly to estimate the peculiar obligations under which we lie to the author of our being. If we cast our eye on the page of history, we shall find, that with one nation in particular, he who saved the life of a single citizen, was crowned with the wreath of laurel, as a distinguished mark of the people's gratitude. In what numbers, then, shall we testify our gratitude to the giver of *all* life, to the fountain of *all* gratitude, of piety, and of love? How shall we convey the idea of our duty to him who shielded our ancestors from the power of their enemies—who lightened their toils, overcame their difficulties, and engulfed their persecutors in the deep; who led them 'in a cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night;' nay, who at this instant, by his infinite mercy and goodness, preserves the lives of thousands and tens of thousands who, but for his protecting arm, would be mingled with their 'parent dust,' in the same indiscriminate profusion as the leaves of the forest.

But it is not merely for the preservation of life that we are largely indebted; life itself, if not seasoned with hope, with peace, with tranquility, and above all, with mercy, would but poorly counterbalance 'the ills which flesh is heir to;'—these we have had vouchsafed to us in the spirit of God-like charity and munificence. It is not, too, that 'the quality of mercy is not strained: it is not that 'it is an attribute of God himself;' that 'it droppeth like the gentle dew from heaven, blessing him that gives and him that takes,' which should incite us to perpetual piety and gratitude; but it is because that '*mercy endureth forever,*' that we should bow down in meekness and humility, in pity and in prayer, blessing, and extolling, and reverencing the divine source from which it emanates.

It has always been considered an essential duty to be sensible of favors, or benefits bestowed; hence the distinguished rank which the moralist has assigned to the grateful man: these marks of favor, however, have never been compared with

the gifts of heaven, or the almost unceasing blessings and mercies which are daily extended to mankind by the author of creation; yet who is not regarded as entirely deficient in virtue and sensibility, when observed to be unmindful or careless of even human obligations. If, then, gratitude is considered by man as a just mode of rendering us sensible and thankful for the kindness of each other, considered as finite beings, how much higher elevated, how much more sacred, ennobling and obligatory, must be that feeling when tendered to God; when tendered, not to a friend, companion or brother, but to the great author of all friendship, companionship and brotherhood; to the never-dying source of celestial light ineffable.

It is sometimes within the immediate power of man to reciprocate acts of kindness and friendship; but with God we can only offer the prayers of our lips and the trembling emotions of our hearts. It is impossible for imperfect and short-sighted beings properly to appreciate at all times the unlimited and illimitable goodness of the Creator, as displayed in his works. Do we witness a single fall of rain?—in that single act of divine mercy, millions and millions are benefited; the progress of vegetation, and all the products of the earth, not to speak of the blessings of life, and health, and peace, and tranquility, and mercy, are insured to the whole human family, by the bounty and goodness of the great father of the universe; and what renders the gift of tenfold value, and the gratitude due to the giver of the last importance to our future happiness, is, that it is purely disinterested; it comes to us without the hope of expectation or reward, except it be that reward which an all wise and merciful God would exact from his creatures, the reward of faith in him and good works—the constant and unceasing discharge of those moral duties which belong to the business of life; which properly considered, form a part of religion; which are due from the finite to the infinite; from the weak to the mighty and powerful. When we contemplate the helpless condition of our species, when we witness the uncertainty of all earthly possessions, when we reflect on the complete state of dependence under which we exist, even for the ‘common liberty to breathe,’ when we regard ourselves as responsible

agents, both for ourselves and our children, as yet inexperienced in the devious tracks of good and evil, it is impossible but that we should feel the great propriety, and, indeed, the actual necessity of a constant recurrence to the source of our being, and the power by which we are sustained day by day, and night by night in this ‘vale of tears.’ It will be enough for our purpose, when we shall have established this, to submit this single and simple inquiry: Is not something due to the source of all good? Are we not emphatically, and to a large extent, under immediate and pressing obligations to heaven? And if this be conceded, in what more appropriate manner, let me ask, and with how much more convenience or satisfaction to ourselves, can we discharge the debt, than by direct and unfeigned appeals to heaven; by frequent assemblies for the purposes of divine worship. Since we are not permitted to face the bountiful and beneficent being from which it springs; since we cannot commune in person with him, let us not fail to offer up our thanksgivings through the medium of prayer and piety, of good deeds, of charity, of benevolence, of meekness;—let this feeling influence *all* our acts; let this laudable determination, this grateful spirit, regulate our whole lives, and we shall soon discover, by a sense of our own condition, the necessity of curbing our passions, of humbling our pride, of abridging our power over others, and, in a word, of so regulating our conduct in all respects, as to merit a continuance of divine mercy.

In a solemn appeal to heaven, it has been beautifully said, ‘that mercy I to others show, that mercy show to me;’ and indeed this, and this alone, should be regarded as the sole foundation and superstructure upon which we should expect or hope to see reared, all the blessings of heaven. What title can any of us have to the goodness of the creator, if we are not ourselves properly impressed and duly penetrated with those divine attributes which belong to the ‘throne on high?’ Nor can it with truth and justice be said, that there are no merited objects for *our* mercy, kindness and humanity; we see them daily pass before us ‘in all the happiness’ of poverty and woe; the sun neither sits nor rises, but we are introduced to some new objects of pity and commiseration. Now cheerless

want, in all its horrors, brings the aged sire with sorrow to the grave : then does the victim of disease become the comfortless tenant of the tomb. It is the lot of humanity to suffer ills seldom known but to those who are the immediate witnesses to the scenes of despair and pain : it is to such should be directed the footsteps of the pious, and indeed all who by the performance of good works, can hope, or expect to receive that mercy and forgiveness from God, which his power *does* create, and his goodness can alone impart. Yet it is a melancholy reflection upon the world to find but few, very few, who are even sensible that they live not for themselves, or that they hold the gift of life by a weak and slender tenor ; that they are but privileged martyrs to one common fate ; that they are fleeting shadows, animated particles of clay !—they scoff at the pains and sufferings of their fellow-creatures ; they smile at dangers only seen in the distance, yet never pause at the awful visitations of Providence, nor stop for a time to ‘look upon and wonder.’

M

The following reported case has a good deal of the essentials of humor. The Bow-street Chronicle, is in fact a national and peculiar literature, belonging to Great Britain. The application of the ‘salival test’ is admirable.

Weaver v. Weaver.

This was a proceeding instituted by Mrs. Mary Weaver, of Popin’s Court, Fleet-street, against her husband, charging him, for that he, totally forgetting his plighted troth, to *love, honor and cherish* her, had wickedly beat, battered and bruised her, and finally ejected her from bed, and board, and house, without making any provision for her maintenance elsewhere—to which charge Mr Weaver replied that he did not forget to *cherish* until she forgot to *obey* ; and thereupon, as the lawyers say, issue was joined. But before going into arguments, it may be as well to state, that Mr Weaver is an operative manufacturer of beef, mutton, and pork ; *vulgo*, a journeyman butcher, with green, yellow, and black eyes, and an ugly abrasion of the integument on the ridge of his nose ; that his wife, Mary, is a slight ‘genteel figure,’ ringleted and Leghorn’d *a-la-mode de Londres* ; that she and Mr Weaver married for love alone ; that they have been united five weary years ; and that their union has been as unproductive of any increase to

the population, as the severest *Malthusian* could possibly require.

When their case was called on, Mr and Mrs Weaver approached the table side by side ; and Mrs Weaver, having shaken back her long and glossy ringlets, proceeded to address the bench on the subject of her matrimonial miseries ; her husband accompanying that address with a kind of running commentary, in a deep under growl. ‘This is my husband, sir,’ began Mrs Weaver. ‘The more’s the pity,’ continued Mr Weaver ; and so they went on, in form and manner following :

She : Last Saturday night, when he came home, ‘My dear,’ said he, ‘you must turn out!’ ‘What for?’ says I.—‘Nothing,’ says he ; ‘many a man has been hang’d for *nothing*, and surety it may serve as a reason for turning out a bad wife!’

He : Very good, I did say so.—

She : But it was after ten o’clock, and it rained so hard that I could’nt go that night—else I would have gone to my sister’s, at Sir Christopher Hawkin’s, away from such a brute. *He* : Very good. *She* :

And so it passed off, your Worship, and we had our supper and went to bed ; but next morning at four o’clock, he gets up, and begins splashing water about the room, at such a rate that I should have been drowned if I had’nt jumped out of bed. *He* : Very good ; there was but half a pint of water in the room ! Please to take a note of that, your Worship.—

She : I ran out of the room, your Worship, and he locked the door and went to bed again, so that I was obliged to sit upon cold stairs till his lordship had breakfasted and was gone out. *He* : Very good ;

and you kicked my shins as I went past you. *She* : And it would have been serving you right, Weaver, if I’d broke your neck down stairs ! *He* : Very good.—

She : I waited dinner for him till after three o’clock that afternoon. *He* : And the mutton was’nt half done then. *She* :

It’s false, Weaver ! it was quite thoroughly done ; but because I had ordered only a pint of porter, instead of a pot, he sharpened his knife upon his steel, your Worship, and swore he’d cut the cat’s head off ! *He* : I deny that ; the cat did no harm to me, and the cat could’nt have ordered a pot of porter, if she’d been told as often as I told you. *She* : I scorn your words, Weaver. *He* : very good.

She : The cat ran away, your Worship, and then he sharpened his knife again, and swore he’d cut my head off ! *He* :

Please to take a note that I deny that, your Worship. *She*: Why, Weaver, you know you did, now, and what's the use of denying it? He said, your Worship, that he had been matched in matrimony long enough, and that he would put an end to it, and try how he liked a hanging match instead. *He*: Very good, and none the worse for the change, I dare say. *She*: And what's more, we had a spaniel puppy once, and he killed that, and threw it out of the window! *He*: Very good, but I didn't kill you, you know. *She*: No; because, when you couldn't catch the poor cat, it all passed off; but when we sat down to tea, your Worship, he jumped up, and throw'd three buckets full of water all about the room, and then went to bed by himself. *He*: Very good, but why don't you tell about the gin and water? *She*: Oh, I'll soon tell all about that. After he was gone to bed, your Worship, I went out to go to my sister, at Sir Christopher Hawkin's; and as I was going along, I met a dozen butchers—*He*: Only one. *She*: Weaver, I scorn your insinuations. There was at least a dozen of 'em, your Worship, all friends of Weaver's; and they said to me, 'well, Mrs Weaver, have you and your husband come to any temperance yet?' Of course, I told 'em the truth, that we was as far off amicable as ever; with which, they very politely asked me into the 'Barley Mow,' to take a glass of warm gin and water; when just in the middle of it, in comes my husband, and beats me to such a degree, that I am all over bruises from head to foot. *He*: Very good: show some of 'em. *She*: O, I can easily do that, (stripping up her sleeves, and showing two or three green and yellow spots on the under part of her right arm.) *He*: Stop—let's see? (taking hold of the arm, and quietly spitting upon the spots, he very deliberately began rubbing at them with the cuff of his coat, thereby seeming to signify, that in his opinion the said spots were not bruises, but paint laid on 'for the nonce,' whilst she sedulously endeavored to withdraw her arm from the indelicate test.

'What are you about man? free her arm—do you hear?' cried Mr Alderman Thompson, before whom the case was heard, and who could scarcely help laughing at the earnestness with which the salivat test had been applied.

'Very good, your worship,' said Mr

Weaver, relinquishing the arm and the operation together; 'but if you'd have let me alone, you'd have seen that instead of bruises, its nothing in the world but mustard and power blue rubber hard in!'

'I scorn your words, Weaver,' cried Mrs Weaver; and, then turning to the Alderman, she went on—'Besides, he set the house on fire once your Worship.'

'Very good,' respondent Mr Weaver; 'please to take a note of that, your Worship; and a query why I wasn't hang'd for it.'

'Oh! I made it up with every body, or else you would have been hang'd you know that, Weaver,' rejoined his spouse; and she then went on to state, that after having beat her in the presence of the twelve butchers in the Barley Mow, he had discarded her altogether, sold off all his furniture, and positively refused to contribute any thing towards her support:

'You must maintain her,' said the Alderman.

'Very good, your Worship, I cant,' replied Mr Weaver, 'I only earned fourpence yesterday; she's run me in debt every where; and, instead of my having sold off my furniture, its been seized for rent by the landlord, and here's the papers to shew for it. I'm no shake bag, your Worship, but a free citizen of London, and my grandfather was a Churchwarden of St Sepulchre; and'—

'That's no reason why you should beat me, if you'd a King for your grandfather,' observed Mrs Weaver; 'and your Worship, he never gets up before twelve o'clock, and has his breakfast and his pipe in bed! Weaver you are a very bad man.'

'Very good,' quietly responded Mr Weaver; and after much recapitulatory discussion, he was ordered to find bail to keep the peace.

To L—

And art thou then to me as dead,
My dearest friend, my youthful joy,
No more thy smile, upon me shed,
Brings pleasure soft without alloy.

When we the paths of science tried,
What joy, my feeble aid to give,
But cares arrive with manhood's tide,
'The knot's untied—tho' yet we live.

Passions may strive with men on earth,
Rivet their links and blast their hopes,
In heav'n we meet if not on earth,
Where friendship's bud eternal opes.

BALDWIN.

• *End*

Ir
ry
to

N.